


THE MONTHLY OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1841.

"The Offering."

The next number of this little monthly, which will appear the first of December, completes its first volume. Those of our readers who feel disposed to renew their subscriptions are requested to send in their names with the amount of their subscriptions as soon as may be, that we may know how large an edition of the first number of the 2d volume to strike off. No pains will be spared to make it both pleasing and valuable. If any of our subscribers have not received their Offerings regularly, or if any errors have occurred by which they have not received the amount of their subscriptions, they shall be rectified as soon as we are made acquainted with the facts.

We regret to say that the "*Offering*" has failed to meet its expenses by a considerable amount. Within the last two months our subscription list has greatly increased, and we have strong hopes that it will not be much expense to us the coming year. This will depend, however upon the abolitionists of New England. They can increase its circulation if they wish. We shall have a few volumes of the Offering neatly bound and ready for sale by the first of December. It will make a neat little Christmas and New Years present. The price will be from fifty cents to one dollar, according to the expense of binding.

 It will be illustrated with a splendid portrait of that faithful and eloquent Philanthropist, George Thompson.

Rhode Island.

We attended the annual meeting of the R. I. State Anti-Slavery Society on the 11th, 12th and 13th inst, in the city of Providence. An uncommon large delegation was present from all parts of the state. This was mainly owing to the recent efforts of our unflinching and unfaltering co-adjutor, Abby Kelley, who has labored, the few months past, in that state with great success. It was the most spirited and interesting meeting we ever attended. We regret that the limits of the Offering will not allow us to give a lengthened account of the proceedings of the meeting.

The evening session of the first day continued till past ten o'clock, and was eloquently and ably addressed by several colored gentlemen. The impression made was most favorable. We heard many express their astonishment that colored people could speak so well.

The abolitionists of R. I. are wide awake. Local causes exist which tend to test the sincerity of their abolition. Probably most of our readers are aware that the good people of R. I. have no written constitution. There is no restriction upon the acts of the Legislation, which, on account of the property qualification, essential to become a voter, is created by the landholders. These comprise but a small portion of the community. The disfranchised class, or those who are not in possession of real estate to the amount of one hundred and thirty four dollars, have called a convention, and drafted a constitution, by which every WHITE man, at the age of 21 is allowed the elective franchise. This constitution is to be sent to the people for adoption. The abolitionists have nobly resolved to spare no pains to prevent the adoption of this unnatural and proscriptive constitution. Should the abolitionists defeat the adoption of

this instrument, or cause the word *white* to disappear, it will, most assuredly, be another great victory over the slaveholding spirit of this country.

George Bradburn.

The voice of this devoted friend of the slave will not be heard in our legislature the coming winter, for the millions of oppressed in our land. Let the blame rest where it belongs. George Bradburn is an uncompromising out-spoken abolitionist. Yet there is no mistake about his being equally a thorough, unyielding and unbending whig. On all party questions he has invariably voted with the whigs. In point of energy, eloquence, shrewdness and talent he has but few superiors. Now why is it that George Bradburn was not elected, by the Whigs of Nantucket, a member of the General Court? simply because he is an abolitionist and an independent politician. The day is coming when Nantucket will be proud of the name of Bradburn, yet he must be immolated by the whigs of Nantucket upon the shrine of Southern slavery. The Democratic party are equally as proscriptive. Robert Morris, of Ohio, failed to be re-elected to the United States Senate, for no other crime than making a speech against slavery upon the floor of the Senate. We fear that the abolitionists of Nantucket have not been sufficiently faithful to our cause. The election of George Bradburn should have been a *sine qua non* with them. If we mistake not, the abolitionists of Nantucket hold the balance of power in their hands, so that no man could be elected without their consent. If so, they are highly culpable. No man will be missed more from the house than Bradburn. All parties

fear him. However his influence need not be lost. Bradburn would draw full houses in almost any town in this state, should it be announced that he was to lecture on slavery.

Plymouth County.

A most spirited and delightful meeting of the Plymouth County Anti-slavery Society was held at Hingham on the 5th inst. Our friends, Quincy, Garrison, May, Foster, Douglass, Lunsford Lane and others addressed the meeting. A good delegation was present. The anti-slavery of this county is thorough and efficient.

Public opinion versus Justice.

We noticed the outrages, in the last number, committed upon citizens of Massachusetts by the Eastern Rail Road corporation. Among the number of white persons whose rights and liberties were outraged was Dr. *Mann*, a highly respectable physician and dentist of this city. One Harrington, a conductor and a leader of the ruffian gang, was, on complaint of Dr. Mann, to the city authorities brought before Justice Simmons of the Police Court, for an assault upon his (Dr. Mann's) person, at East Boston, on the afternoon of the 30th September.

The facts of the case were simply these. We speak what we know and testify what we saw, for we were present and observed the whole affair. A respectable colored man was found by this Harrington in one of the long cars, who instantly entered, followed by five or six paid ruffians, who, from their appearance, were brakemen, firemen, and other of the company's servants, with horrid oaths and dreadful imprecations, gave orders to his minions to

take the colored man out. No sooner had the command gone forth than these savage looking fellows siezed him by his head, arms and legs, and thrust him out, endangering both his person and life, without giving him a moment's opportunity to leave, of his own free will. Many passengers present protested against this exhibition of Lynch Law. From the time the first assault was committed upon the colored man, one minute had hardly disappeared before Harrington, followed by his ruffian corpse, re-entered, and in a profane, bullying, blustering style, ordered them to snake out every abolitionist. Meaning those who had protested against his mobocratic proceedings, whereupon, Dr. Mann and several others were thrust out, though they had paid their fare through to Lynn.

Several witnesses of unimpeachable integrity testified that the facts, the substance of which we have stated above were all true. To counteract this testimony, these very mobocrats and others interessed in the employ of this corporation, came into the court and completely overthrew all the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution, and swore that Harrington, the conductor, was always exceedingly polite and civil to passengers,—that the colored man was urged again and again to leave and take his seat in another car, as it was against the rules of the company for the colored people to ride in the cars promiscuously with the whites,—that when they attempted gently to lead him out, Dr. Mann and others interposed to prevent the regulations of the company being carried into effect, whereupon they were requested to desist or leave the cars. These perjured witnesses testified that no alternative was left but to take them from the cars, which was done without insult or violence to any one ;

they swore, in fact, that Harrington was a perfect gentleman, &c. &c.

Justice Simmons discharged the prisoner on the ground that public opinion required the separate negro car, and thus sanctioned that all the outrageous proceedings which have been committed upon many of our most respectable citizens, by this corporation, created by the people for the public good. Thus, according to the decision of this learned Justice who, by the way, it is said, is of African descent, the rights and liberties of the citizens of this commonwealth are to be graduated by the state of public opinion. Let "public opinion" change so as to look down upon the poor in our midst as it does now upon the free colored people. Let one of the great political parties so increase as to embrace the prosperity and standing of our land. Let one of the Ecclesiastical denominations gain the ascendancy over all the Religious sects in our country. Let the sentiment of this commonwealth change so that the Poor, the Religious and the Political heretic shall be dispised as the free man of color is now, and then "public opinion" will require a separate car for such, and should any one venture to protest against their "snaking out" he would be subject to the same treatment, and for all this the law of Justice Simmons is pliable and elastical enough to cover the whole. It was this doctrine that banished our Forefathers from their native country to the American Wilderness. It was this very principle which lead the Puritans to banish and brand the Quakers. Every murderous act of the Spanish Inquisition—The bloody deeds committed by almost every despot whose name disgraces the page of history, had as high authority for their acts as this learned Judge had for this despotic and ungodly decision.

Be it remembered that this decision was given in the smoky atmosphere of Boston, and by one, too, who knows but very little of the free and liberal opinions of the people in the country. His son, it is said, married one of the richest slaveholding ladies in Cuba, and of course he has by this time learned some of the benefits of slavery. We can assure His Honor that he was mistaken in his estimate of public opinion upon this question of prejudice. Within the last three months we have visited 54 different towns in this Commonwealth, and delivered 84 lectures on slavery, and have had Mr. Douglass, a colored man, travelling with us all the time, and the Eastern, the Boston and Providence Rail Roads are the only places where any distinction has been made. We have rode hundreds of miles in stage coaches—we have rode on the Lowell, the Dedham, the Andover and Haverhill—the Worcester and Norwich and the Western Rail Roads, and my colored friend was treated with all the civility of other passengers.

We will state one fact to illustrate the state of "Public Opinion" on this subject.

It was early one cold damp morning in Oct. that I entered the Boston and Worcester Depot to take passage for West Brookfield, to attend a country meeting of the Worcester South Division A. S. Society. The sudden transition of the weather from the balmy breezes of summer to the cold blasts of the North East, caused the travellers to muffle themselves up in their shawls, cloaks &c. The Depot Bell was ringing, warning the passengers who poured in from almost every quarter, breathless and exhausted, that no time should be lost in securing their tickets. Around the ticket office was a dense crowd, the individuals composing it, were scrambling to secure their tickets. The

mothers, daughters and sisters were provided with seats by their friends.

Among the crowd around the ticket office, I discovered a colored woman, with an infant in her arms. Incumbered with her little charge she was unable to resist and overcome the force of the men around the pigeon hole of the ticket dealer. Dispirited and exhausted, she retired back from the press and sighed, but "I fear I shall be left after all!" On hearing this, I introduced myself to her, and inquired if I should secure her a ticket. Upon hearing this, the sadness and melancholy disappeared from her countenance at once. She thanked me and passed into my hand six dollars, and at her request I purchased a ticket for the first class cars to Albany. Having fresh in my memory the outrages committed upon intelligent and respectable colored people on the Eastern Rail Road, I felt that this woman might need my protection and assistance. Notwithstanding I had learned that colored people were not proscribed on this route, I offered to escort her into the cars. To this she gratefully assented, and I gave her a seat near the door in one of the long cars divided into apartments, each of which were capable of accommodating eight persons. Here we were, (if any judgement can be formed from appearances) in the midst of gentlemen and ladies, according to common parlance, moving in the highest walks of society. Yet no one of the passengers appeared horrified or even molested.

I entered into conversation with her and found her affable, intelligent, and prepossessing in her manners, and was anticipating no small pleasure in holding three or four hours conversation with her, but in this I was disappointed, for the train had hardly got under weigh when the conductor en-

tered our apartment, and stood silent for a minute or thereabouts like Banquo's ghost, with his eyes rivited upon us, and then disappeared. My colored friend appeared somewhat agitated, and I must confess that my heart struggled for my mouth. I had but little relish for controversy, and less for being insulted or "snaked out." While our imaginations were conjuring up the most unpleasant scenes, the conductor re-entered, and with doubt expressed upon his countenance, stood motionless, like a statue, for nearly a minute, which on account of our anxiety seemed like an hour. At last he broke silence. But how unprepared we were for what followed. Instead of cursings and blusterings, he addressed the colored woman in tones of the greatest kindness with "Madam, I fear that your babe will take cold, setting, as you do, in the draft of that door—Shan't I wait upon you into the Ladies Saloon where there is a stove." To this our friend assented, thanked him for his kindness, and followed him into a beautiful long car, fitted up in the first style with sofas, &c &c. To this, there was no murmuring. Now we should like to understand why "Public Opinion" requires such barbarous and inhuman treatment in one or two parts of the state, and in all other parts allows such developements of kindness and humanity?

Let the legislature put a stop to such proceedings. The petition relating to this question is placed on the cover of the "*Offering*." Copy it, sign it yourself, and then circulate it among your friends. Let every man and woman in your town have an opportunity to sign it, and when you have circulated it, please forward it to J. A. Collins, 25 Cornhill, Boston, free of passage, who will see that it is

presented to the Legislature. Let there be no delay on this point.

POETRY.—Read and commit to memory the soul inspiring lines in this number of the Offering. Read them, and then if you do not feel to labor for the slave's redemption, you may then fear that

“There is no flesh in your obdurate heart.”

Christmas Week.

This, to the friends of the slave, will be an interesting week. The Committee on the Anti-Slavery Fair are sparing neither time nor pains to make the coming Anniversary one of the most interesting occasions of the kind ever witnessed. The women of England, Ireland and Scotland, have been busy with their fingers the present season, as the multiplicity of articles enumerated in their invoice fully demonstrates.

Will the women of Massachusetts be less active and interested in the abolition of *American Slavery*—that barbarous and inhuman system which is covering the fame, prosperity and purity of our otherwise comparatively happy country with blight and mildew, than our transatlantic coadjutors? If there is any individual who has not commenced working for this fair, we would say to such, don't delay to commence another moment. Much can be done in four or five weeks.

Poultry, butter, cheese, eggs and vegetable of all kinds will be acceptable. A friend of ours the other day, in answer to an application for funds to carry on the operations of the Anti-Slavery cause, remarked, “Iv'e got no money, but if you'll accept of 25 Bushels of carrots, they shall be at your service when “digging time arrives!” We saw

those carrots, sold a few days since, for six dollars and 25 cents.

To you, who are in want of useful and fancy articles, and have money to spend for them we say, wait till Christmas week, when your taste can be gratified from the almost infinite variety of things which will be exposed at the fair. If you cannot visit the city yourself, commission some friend to purchase for you. This all contributes to aid our cause.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair.

This eighth annual anti-slavery effort bids fair already to surpass all its predecessors. Those who have no hand in it, will lose some of the richest gratifications of human nature. They lose the opportunity of gratifying in one effort their benevolence, their conscientiousness, their love of the beautiful,—their desire for congenial society. The very flower of the Anti-Slavery enterprise is engaged in the occasion; and it will be a foretaste of the far-off Jubilee as well as a means of hastening its approach.

The women of Scotland—God bless them!—have risen “in the majesty of their mercy.” A letter from the Secretary of the Glasgow Society has just been received by the Boston Committee of the Fair, full of steadfast sympathy and encouragement; enough to cheer the hearts of the most desponding. It accompanies a valuable case of articles not yet received from the steam boat, and announces that more are on their way from Scotland, Ireland and London,—the fruits of the appeal of the Women of Glasgow to the whole country, in behalf of the persecuted American A. S. Society. May the abolitionists of the

true old stock, ever take joyfully the persecutions of their enemies both secret and open, for every false friend or secret foe has been the occasion of raising up a true and faithful advocate. Again we say—God bless the women of Glasgow! They sent us George Thompson, to whom so many American abolitionists are indebted—They received our representatives, Garrison, Rogers and Collins, and now their generous hearts and diligent hands are united with us in that true fraternal love of our cause, and of us for its sake which is to us an ample reward for every just exertion, and a stimulus for every future one. We have secured the most beautiful hall in the city for the occasion, and we call with undoubting confidence upon *every town* where there is an abolitionist, to aid us. It is not yet too late: much may be done in three weeks. Begin then, dear friends, for the Cause's Sake, and let its friends hear from you. In behalf of the Committee.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

Worcester North Division Anti-Slavery Society.

This Society held its Quarterly meeting in Gardner on Wednesday the 17 inst. The meetings, which continued through the day and evening, were large and spirited. The greatest harmony prevailed. Rev. Messrs Lincoln, Smith, Stacy, Bradford and others addressed the meeting.

The annual meeting of this Society is to be held at Barre on the 7th of January 1842. We trust that this will be a meeting full of interest. Large delegations should be sent up from every town in the division. Let the abolitionists in that vicinity see to it that this part of the busi-

ness is attended to. We hope to be there with our eloquent friend *Douglass*, the fugitive slave. It is expected that Garrison, Phillips, Abby Kelley, and other speakers will be there also. Worcester family is wide awake. Keep the ball in motion.

Stanzas.

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
 Slaves—in a land of light and law!
 Slaves crouching on the very plains
 Where roll'd the storm of Freedom's war!
 A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—
 A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
 By every shrine of patriot blood,
 From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!
 By storied hill and hallow'd grot,
 By noisy wood and marshy glen,
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
 The groan of breaking hearts is there—
 The falling lash—the fetter's clank!
 Slaves—SLAVES are breathing in that air,
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!
 What, ho!—our countrymen in chains!
 The whip on WOMAN's shrinking flesh!
 Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
 Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
 What! mothers from their children riven!
 What, God's own image bought and sold!
 AMERICANS to market driven,
 And barter'd as the brute for gold!
 Speak! shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?

To us, whose father's scorn'd to bear
The paltry *menace* of a chain;
To us, whose boast is loud and long
Of holy Liberty and Light—
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,
Plead vainly for their plunder'd Right?
What! shall we send, with lavish breath,
Our sympathies across the wave,
Where Manhood, on the field of death,
Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?
Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning?
Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall
And Poland, gasping on her lance,
The impulse of our cheering call?
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?
And toss his fetter'd arms on high,
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?
Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be
A refuge for the stricken slave?
And shall the Russian serf go free
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?
And shall the wintry-bosom'd Dane
Re'ax the iron hand of pride,
And bid his bondmen cast the chain,
From fetter'd soul, and limb, aside?
Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat ;
And beg the Lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote—
Will not the scorching answer come
From turban'd Turk, and fiery Russ :
“ Go, loose your fetter'd slaves at home,
Then turn, and ask the like of us ! ”

Just God ! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth ?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear ?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear ?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From gray-beard old to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth !
Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing !
Up—while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing !

Oh ! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth—
The gather'd wrath of God and man—
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air ?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath ?
Up—up—why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death ?

Up *now* for Freedom ! not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw—
The awful waste of human life—
The glory and the guilt of war :
But break the chain—the yoke remove,

And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
 With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
 Made mighty through the living God !

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
 And leave no traces where it stood ;
 Nor longer let its idol drink
 His daily cup of human blood :
 But rear another altar there,
 To Truth, and Love and Mercy given,
 And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
 Shall call an answer down from Heaven !

A Colored Representative.

Our enemies will have it that abolitionists have put back the cause of Emancipation. Some say twenty, others fifty, and some a hundred years, notwithstanding the developments which are daily being made, give the strongest proof that our cause is advancing Rail Road speed.

A few years since such a movement* would have been treated with supreme contempt. Probably a coat of tar and feathers, and a ride upon a rail would have been the reward of the colored man for the impudence of his friends. Now the Boston Daily Telegraph can chronicle the fact in the following mild and respectful language. Straws point which way the wind blows. Does not this indicate the progress of our cause ?

We believe there are between nine and ten thousand colored people in this commonwealth. It would seem that they were entitled to one representative at least.

* "BLACK REPRESENTATIVE.—We are informed that in the town of Townsend, there being some difficulty in the choice of Representative, in consequence of some scattering votes thrown by abolitionists, both political parties united in the choice of John Henry, a respectable colored man, as a representative of the town at the next legislature. We learn that Mr. Henry was formerly a slave, but ran away from his master in Boston, and has resided in Townsend several years, where he has accumulated some property."—*Boston Daily Telegraph*.